



"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY NATHAN WHITING.

NO. 45.

NEW-HAVEN, APRIL 4, 1835.

VOL. XIX

Missionary.

Go ye into all the World, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN B. ADGER.

Smyrna, Nov. 12th, 1834.

I am greatly pleased with the prospect of laboring among the Armenians. I have before said they are called by some "the noblest race of men in the East."—and I must now tell you that brother Dwight has had very considerable encouragement among them in Constantinople. Really the language and feelings of some young Armenians there, who have been hopelessly enlightened is more like that of converts in Apostolic times than any thing I have ever heard. But of this I cannot now speak further. The Armenians are described as having remarkably fine countenances. And it is true to a great extent. Some that we have seen are really *very fine* looking men—all appear sober, dignified, intelligent, thoughtful.

I paid a visit a few days since with Mr. Brewer to the Armenian Church and to their High School. The latter enjoys the privileges of seven teachers, and has one hundred and fifty pupils. It is supported and managed by the Armenians themselves you will understand. The building was two stories high, and there were two large rooms one over the other, with four small ones (I believe) adjoining each large one. Four languages are taught here in addition to their other studies—of which four I remembered they mentioned *French and Italian*. I saw many French books in a small book case in one of the rooms. They use such desks as are found in most schools in America: these were adopted at the suggestion of the Missionaries.

The Church which I visited, is in the same yard with the academy. It is very ancient, and yet quite handsome within. We saw the holy fire which is always burning. In this Church are some paintings, which I shall visit hereafter, and perhaps describe to you.—One of them I could see indistinctly as I peeped in through the window, not having time to call the attendant and get admission. It described the judgment. On the one side, the good; and on the other, the bad, heaven on one side, hell on the other.—The main object of the last mentioned part, was, a huge dragon, with open jaws and threatening tail! Worst of all, God the awful and invisible Creator, was represented as an old man!—But I will go no farther.—What would you think of the purity and

knowledge of a Presbyterian Church in Charleston whose walls should thus be disgraced? That Armenian Church and Church Yard, nevertheless, was a sweet spot. Quite extensive, shaded with trees, retired from noise and tumult, and covered over, almost completely, with horizontal grave-stones. I thought I would love to retire thither very often, to muse on the past history of this branch of the true vine, and to think of its future prospects. The inscriptions were almost all in the Armenian character—but I saw one in English; it was of a captain in the English navy or army, who died about 1670. Many of the stones had engraved upon them certain appropriate insignia, by which the occupation of the individual could be distinguished. Thus we saw on one an anvil and sledge-hammer, and knew at once that we stood by the grave of a black-smith.

Where are the multitudes who have laid their bones in that grave yard? Did they know, and love, and trust in Christ or not?

During our voyage, I often looked upon brother Merrick, and thought of his arduous mission, with admiration for him as well as for it, mingled with a kind of humbling feeling in view of the comparative ease and non-importance of my own. But I have changed my mind—that is, my mind is changed. It appears now to be of unspeakable importance that all these corrupted Christian churches be purified, if we would ever convert the world. How can we hope to have the Moslem convinced that Christianity is superior to Islamism, while he beholds Armenians and Greeks, &c. &c.—yes, and Franks in many cases, all inferior to himself in honesty and truth?

Charleston Observer.

From the Tract Magazine.

CONVERSION OF POOROOSOOTOM,

A young man of high caste in India, by means of TRACTS ALONE.

The Rev. Mr. Lacey, Baptist Missionary at Cuttack, Orissa, gives the following very interesting statement: 'About seven years ago, the tract, 'A precept to the inhabitants of this part of the world, by missionaries,' which had been distributed by missionaries of the London Missionary Society on the coast of Bengal, fell into the hands of a Colinga boy, who gave it to *Chowdry Pooroosootom*, a young man of high caste, and superior talents. At first he read it, and put it into a box. After a long time he read it again, and discovered that all his former ways were deception, and that the book showed a better

way. He became convinced of sin, anxiously sought for a knowledge of salvation, and read the tract with constant application. At length he received three other tracts, one of them showing the 'True way of salvation'; which strengthened his mind, and dispersed his doubts; and he was led to abandon all false gods, to give up caste itself, and rejoice in Jesus Christ. He came to the missionaries at Cuttack, and was by them baptised on the 6th day of October, in the presence of 1,000 natives.

'We see in this case,' says Mr. Lacey, 'the utility of Tract Societies. Here is a young man enlightened, convinced, and brought to trust and rejoice in the Saviour, and all effected through the instrumentality of religious tracts; without having once had an opportunity of conversing with a Christian! The distant consequences are still more important; for this young man will henceforth commence the preaching of the gospel to his fellow countrymen; and from the grace vouchsafed to him, and the sanctification of his naturally excellent and well cultivated abilities, he will command great attention, and exert great influence; and so may, if he continue faithful, be a means of turning many to the paths of holiness of life.'

The proposed foreign appropriations by the American Tract Society, for the year ending April, 15, 1835, \$30,000.

Of this sum, the Society had received, February 15, \$22,300; leaving \$7,700 to be raised within two months. \$1,392 of the sum received was contributed by ladies, leaving \$808 to be raised by them, in order to complete the proposed sum of 5,000.

Recent testimony of Rev. Dr. Marshman of Serampore.

Amidst all the plans by which politicians intend to benefit mankind, there is none like that of extending the kingdom of Christ in the hearts of men; and amidst all the means used for this purpose, there are few which God has been pleased to bless in a more eminent degree than that of distributing tracts, which hold him forth, in his fullness, to a perishing world.

Testimony of another laborer.—The Rev. J. Barenbrück, of Madras, says, 'while in the country, I had the satisfaction of administering the ordinance of baptism to a native adult of high caste, who confessed publicly, before the whole congregation, which was composed of native Christians and heathens, that he first obtained a knowledge of the evil of idolatry, and of the excellency of Christianity by the perusal of our religious publications. I was perfectly satisfied with the answers he gave to several questions proposed by me, and he was, according to his own urgent request, baptized in the name of the blessed trinity.'

Progress in Ceylon.—Recent letters from the mission state that the new press is started, and that henceforward they expect to keep two presses in constant operation. They request large supplies of paper for printing tracts, which will be forwarded by the Board of Foreign Missions, on account of pecuniary grants from this society.

Personal effort, for the salvation of individuals in connection with tract distribution.

Far more is now doing in New York in this de-

partment, than at any previous period. Agents are employed for the different wards, and Christians are bringing the gospel to bear on individuals. By their faithful labors, its truths are pressed upon the hearts of hundreds and thousands, overlooked by almost all other means of grace. The blessing of God is descending in answer to prayer. Twenty-five hopeful conversions were reported the last month.

Let the question be well considered by all the people of God, whether, while individual Christians neglect to labor for the salvation of individuals to whom they have access, this world can never be brought to a saving knowledge of Christ.

The threatened caning.—Mr. Hamilton, late agent in Michigan Territory, says, on entering a house, I asked the father if he wished to buy religious books.

'Do you sell such?' said he.

'I do.'

'I have made a promise to cane any man out of my house, who offers such books for sale here.'

'Well Sir, you perceive you have the opportunity; or I can walk out without caning.'

He suffered me peaceably to withdraw, dropping on his premises three tracts. Some time after, I passed his house again, when seeing me, he called me in.

'My dear Sir, said he, I beg your forgiveness. Never shall I use another man as I did you; and never shall I say again, 'I am an Infidel,' which was the title of one of the tracts you left with me.'

He is now an influential member of the Temperance Society.

From the London Baptist Magazine, for February.

INTERESTING FROM JAMAICA.

Since our last, two mails have arrived from Jamaica, the latter of which brought intelligence of the arrival of the Antæus, with Mr. Knibb and family on board, at Port Maria, on the 25th of October, from whence he proceeded to Falmouth on the following Thursday, Nov. 4. Respecting their voyage, Mr. K. remarks:—

'We had our usual portion of sea-sickness, of storm, calm, and squalls. The sailors attended the means of grace on the Lord's day, and read, with apparent pleasure, the tracts we distributed among them. I believe that you are aware that the Captain took out his family. One of the number, the eldest daughter, died on the passage. Her parents had spared no pains or expense in the decoration of her person, or the formation of her mind; and really she was a lovely, interesting creature; but, she had not known Jesus. A rapid consumption seized her, and in a few weeks terminated her mortal career. I embraced every opportunity of conversing and praying with her; and never shall I forget the intense anxiety she manifested to hear and know the truth; and I do hope, though I know the too frequent fallacy of death-bed repentances, that pardon and peace were hers. Often did she thank me for the advice I gave, and expressed her thankfulness to God, that she had been brought where she could hear the truth. On my arrival at Port Maria, I committed her remains to the silent tomb, there to rest till the resurrection morn. As soon as the boat could be made sea worthy, we em-

barked for Rio Bueno, which we reached in safety the same evening. On entering this lovely little bay, the first object that attracted my attention was the ruins of the chapel, in which I had many times proclaimed the words of eternal life. The person who set fire to the chapel is beneath the clods of the valley. Shortly after, he left his home for a ride, was missed for two days, when he was accidentally discovered by a negro hanging between two rocks, quite mad, from whence he was carried home, where he died in the same state. The people saw me as I stood on the deck of the boat. As I neared the shore, I waved my hand; when, being fully assured that it was their minister, they ran from every part of the bay to the wharf. Some pushed off in a canoe, into which I got, with my family, and soon landed on the beach. Verily we were nearly pushed into the sea by kindness. Poor Mrs. K. was quite overcome. They took me up in their arms—they sung—they laughed—they wept; and I wept too. "Him come, him come, for true." On they rushed to the chapel, where we knelt together at the throne of mercy. On the following morning we started by land for Falmouth; the poor people in the pass all knew me, and had I stopped to shake hands with all, I should have been long on the road. As I entered Falmouth, I could scarce contain my feelings, nor can I now, I was, and am, completely overcome. They stood—they looked—"It him, it him, for true; but see how him stand; him make two of what him was, when him left." Soon the news spread, and from 20 and 25 miles distant they came. In the evening we held a prayer meeting. The chapel was crowded. As I set my foot on the threshold, they struck up, quite unexpectedly,—

"Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive."

"On the Sabbath-day, when the people came from the country, the scene was the most interesting I ever beheld. At six in the morning the place was full. At the ten o'clock service, numbers were on the outside; two magistrates were present. I preached as well as my feelings would allow; afterwards I addressed them on the change in their circumstances. Oh, the happiness of having the tongue set free from the shackles of slavery! I am sure you will excuse my feelings,—'twas a noble sight! they were as still as death. I urged upon them the duties they had to perform; and told them, I was sure they would fulfil them.

I showed them the specimen Testaments I had brought; and we distributed several hundred tracts in commemoration of the day. Heartily did I wish that the Committee of the Tract Society could have enjoyed the scene. The avidity with which they were sought was only equalled by the pleasure with which they were bestowed. When I descended from the pulpit, they could contain themselves no longer, and the magistrates had a good specimen of the manner in which "the notorious Knibb" was received by his people. In the afternoon we commemorated the Lord's supper; about four hundred of the members sat down. It was indeed a feast of love. Brethren Dendy and Dexter were present, and I think all could say, "It is, indeed good to be here." After the service, two African females came to me, each with an infant, born after the first of August. When they presented their children, and thanked me for

setting them free, my feelings were completely overcome,—I left them, and retired to weep. I preached again in the evening, and thus closed the first Sabbath among my people in Falmouth.

"Last Sabbath the tent was rigged, and answers well; though it rained on it for two hours, the wet came not through, and the people sat quite dry. I did long that the kind donor could have seen it, with those who had walked nearly twenty miles, sheltered from rain, sitting beneath it; I am sure it would have fully recompensed him for the cost it incurred. One half of it is intended for the Sabbath-school children; there are now more than four hundred children and not a place where they can meet.

"I must express to the committee the gratitude I feel for the services of Brother Dendy. The church is in peace, harmony and love; while his unremitting exertions have, under the blessing of God, been eminently blessed. This feeling of high esteem is only damped by the state of his health. He has overworked himself, and appears quite emaciated. I do yet trust, that he will yet be restored; and will long be spared, a blessing to the mission.

"At present, I have not met with the least symptom of interruption; not a single person has said a disrespectful word to me. Mrs. K. has a little son, born on the fifth of November—the day of my first sailing from England ten years ago. Mother and child are both well."

General state of the Island.

As to the general state of the Island, and the conduct of the apprentices, there is such conflicting testimony, that it seems difficult to ascertain the exact truth. The Governor, who is himself a large proprietor, is understood to have expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the negroes on his estates; and a similar testimony was borne, in the House of Assembly by Mr. Shirley, lately returned as Member for the important parish of Treelawney. Where, as in these instances, the proprietors are themselves on the spot, there seems reason to believe that the apprenticeship scheme may be rendered endurable for the short period it is to exist; but, we fear, in the great majority of other cases, it will be found impossible to maintain it. The House of Assembly have been endeavoring to prevail on the Governor to give the Island magistracy a concurrent jurisdiction with the special Justices. The Marquis has refused this, as plainly inconsistent with the provisions of the Abolition Act; on which the legislature appointed a Committee "to inquire into the causes of dissatisfaction among the apprentices," &c. Several of our Missionaries have been summoned before this Committee: Only one of them, Mr. Abbott, has been yet called to give evidence; and he, being called on to swear that he would answer all the questions which might be proposed to him, declined taking the oath. He assigned, at the bar of the house, the next day, the reasons of his refusal, stating particularly his apprehension that, in requiring him to be sworn, the house was going beyond the limits of its constitutional authority. In this opinion, we understand, Mr. Abbott is supported by some of the first legal authorities in the Island; But the house, by a large majority, voted his conduct an unconstitutional attempt to invade its undoubted rights, and a gross violation of one of its most important privileges; on which he was commit-

ted to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and forthwith conveyed to the common gaol at Spanish Town. A writ of habeas corpus was subsequently moved for by Mr. Watkis, and the case was argued by that learned gentleman and another barrister, before the Chief Justice and the Marquis of Sligo, but without effect. The house having subsequently been prorogued, Mr. Abbott has, of course, obtained his liberation; but the question is of great importance, and will, we trust, soon be brought to a decision. The Secretary of the Society has already obtained an interview on the subject with the newly appointed Secretary for the Colonies, the Earl of Aberdeen; and the affair is thus officially brought under investigation by the Home Government.

Miscellaneous.

FROM A SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT,
OF THE CINCINNATI JOURNAL

*Steam Boat, Mississippi river, }
Saturday, Jan. 10, 1835. }*

DEAR BROTHER,

We have just left the beautiful Ohio, and are speeding our way down the majestic Mississippi. Poets have sung of rocks and rills, of mountains and meadows, of earth and heaven; but who has sung of this noble stream! Here are the tall cliffs surmounted with evergreen—here the boundless forests—here an almost endless sheet of water smooth as the heavens it reflects, and here the sublime, and beautiful in all the tasteful arrangements of nature. And now after all this preface, you will expect a song? No such thing. I am no poet. For the want of something better, I give you the following

Dialogue,

Which has just passed between Mr. Conscience and Mr. Interest.

Conscience. To-morrow is the Sabbath. I remember the early instructions my mother gave me, on the observance of this day. Even before I could read, she had indelibly impressed on my mind, the fourth commandment. Mr. Interest, shall you pursue your journey to-morrow?

Interest. Certainly. How can I help it? You don't think of stopping!

Conscience. It has been a subject of serious consideration with me, to ascertain duty. It is now obvious, and I shall act accordingly.

Interest. What stop!

Conscience. Yes, I shall rest according to the commandment, and take the first boat after the Sabbath.

Interest. But you are not so sure of getting another boat; and if you do, in all probability your circumstances will be less pleasant, than they now are; besides your journey will cost you more time, and at least 20 dollars more, and in addition to this I heard you say that your time is precious. I cannot afford to sacrifice so much.

Conscience. Nor I; and I intend to be a gainer by doing right. Apparently, I shall lose both time and money by stopping; but, mark my word, in reality I shall lose neither. Do you not remember the story of Amaziah the King of Judah? A part of his

people had revolted. To aid him in restoring them to their former allegiance, he hired a hundred thousand men of Israel, for a hundred talents of silver. He had paid them in advance, and was just ready to march to the field of battle, when a man of God came, and told him he had done wrong, in calling to his aid idolaters, and advised him to send them home. Send them home! said the king. I have paid them for fighting. I cannot afford to lose the money. What shall I do for the 100 talents which I have given to the army of Israel? The man of God answered the Lord is able to give thee much more than these. Amaziah obeyed—disbanded his hired soldiers. Went out and fought, and was victorious. He found that nothing was lost, while much was gained by doing right.

Interest. But you will find it difficult to remove your baggage, and —

Conscience. I have counted the cost; and if I do experience some difficulty, and delay, what then?—Duty is mine. The results are the Lord's. And if my journey cost me 20 dollars more, the Lord is able to give me much more than these.

Interest. Well, I cannot afford to stop.

Conscience. Nor I to travel on the Lord's day.

After listening to the above remarks, and believing that Mr. Conscience is practically sound in his views, I have concluded to follow his example.

Yours, till Monday, when you shall hear how I spent a Sabbath, in a little town on the banks of the Mississippi.

Monday, Jan. 12. The Sabbath is gone, but there still linger the recollections of a day pleasantly, and I would fain hope, profitably spent. At an early hour notice was given that a presbyterian minister would preach. There being no church in the place, my landlord kindly offered his dining-hall for the purpose. In the meantime I walked to the river and invited the boatmen. Come boys, preparations are made for a meeting—walk up—I will treat you as I do my best friends—will give you the best I have. Ay, ay, sir, was the hearty response, *we will come.* At the appointed hour the room was filled to hear the first sermon ever preached in the place, by a presbyterian minister. The congregation appeared to be deeply interested, and I cannot but hope that during the solemnity of that hour impressions were made, not soon to be effaced. After meeting, I walked out, distributed tracts, and conversed with an intelligent lady—the only member of the presbyterian denomination in this place. Shepherdless, she wanders on the mountains. O, said she, *it is good once more to hear the sound of the gospel.* Monday evening, and no boat. Impatience began to ask, why this dissention? When it was suddenly checked with the question, *Sir, will you preach to us again this evening? The room is ready, and the people are anxious to hear.* The word was soon out, and the multitude came together as they did when Paul preached in Antioch. The meeting was more fully attended, and more interesting than the former. The results will be disclosed at the last day.

Thursday evening. At length, after a delay of four days, we are again sweeping down the Mississippi. And again we are thrown into a community of beauty, and deformity, of goodness and depravity—all sailing on the same stream—towards the same ocean—but

their destinies, how different! Some will doubtless reach the haven of rest, while others will be wrecked and lost. We now sail securely, but how soon may be the reverse, none can tell. Our ark is not made of gopher wood, nor have we a special divine promise to insure our safety. Within 8 weeks the steamers Grenadier, Citizen, Rambler, Halcyon, Senator, President, Tom Jefferson, and Friend, have gone to the bottom, and to these 8, must be added as many more—the Cord, Charleston, Messenger, Champion, Josephine, Wisconsin, Hawk-Eye and Convoy. How many lives were lost is not ascertained.

A Steam-boat Scene in four parts.

Part 1. Gaming. This scene was opened with glee, and good nature. Each seemed anxious to please. Not a cloud hung on any brow. The young men, who were the actors, seemed to enjoy life in its freshness and fulness.

Part 2. Drinking. Now the scene began to change. Smiles were exchanged for scowls, pleasantry for recrimination. The brow before cloudless, now lowered with anger and anxiety for the result of the game. 'Steward, another glass!' This prepared the way for

Part 3. Swearing. Yes, the young man, who had been taught better things, who would not dare to utter a profane oath in the presence of his father, his mother, or his sister, now sets his mouth against the heavens, and takes the name of his maker in vain.—Nor dare he do it when alone. But in the crowded cabin of a steam-boat, with others to keep him in countenance, he must be a MAN, and swear profanely! God will not hold him guiltless.

Part 4. Fighting. Just as might have been expected. Whoever knew a gambler who would not drink, and swear; and when heated with strong drink fight! There is a fearful progress in sin. One step prepares the way for the next, and the next, till the result is ruin.

The names of the young men, as also the names of the captain and boat on which the above midnight scene occurred, I purposely omit. It is however due to the public that steam-boat captains who permit such scenes on their boats, should be made known; that those who are not fond of gambling, drinking, swearing, and fighting, may select boats on which they can travel in peace and comfort. *Their names shall not be concealed.*

A Sabbath in Memphis.

On Saturday we arrived at Memphis, Tenn. Population about 1200, one third of whom are blacks.—This place contains little to admire, excepting its high and beautiful location. Preached in the morning, and evening. Here I met with a good brother whose praise is in all the churches—Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury. He was the first missionary commissioned by the A. B. C. F. M. to the western Indians. He was a graduate of Brown's University—spent four years at the Andover Theological Seminary, and 18 years ago he pitched his tent among the Cherokees at Brainerd.—Here he remained till the vine planted by his hand could be watered by others, when in May 1818—he visited the Choctaws. He established a missionary station at Elliot, where he spent about 3 years, and as soon as brethren came to his aid, he again plunged into the wilderness, and planted Mayhew. Here he

labored till the establishment was broken up by the removal of the Choctaws beyond the Mississippi. On their earnest solicitation he accompanied them, and with them intends to spend his days. He is now returning to his family in Mississippi, after an absence of more than seven months. The Choctaws now number 11,700—of whom 200 are professedly followers of the Lamb. But after all, '*Missions is a money-making business!*' Yes, Rev. C. Kingsbury, who receives for his hard services and coarse fare, simply his food and raiment, is *growing rich!* Let the opposer of missions read a few pages of the life of this indefatigable, devoted, missionary, and blush for shame.

Friday, Jan. 23.

The Mississippi.

Majestic stream, roll on.
Those who skim thy surface
May chain the lightning.
And, Eolus like,
May bid the winds;
But thee, never.

Thou art old as Adam.
Age has made thee lusty;
And to see thee shake thy sides—
Swell thy foaming bosom,
And sweep with power restless,
Reminds one of the fountains of the deep
When a world was drowned.

Roll on! none will dare thy strength—
None provoke thy pride.
Speed thee to the ocean,
And there roll thy restless waves,
Till earth and ocean are no more.

Saturday evening, Jan. 24.

A slave has just been set at liberty—I mean from an earthly master. He stepped from the boat into eternity. Some little effort was made to save him, but in vain. A volley of oaths followed him; so that I scarcely knew which most to pity—the drowning negro, or the profane white man. Twenty-five hundred years ago, because of swearing, the land mourned; and now, if the land does not mourn, man with propriety may, at the blasphemy of his brother. It is horrible to hear *gentlemen* swear! But to the poor slave. After he had gone to the bottom, of course, the occurrence afforded a subject for conversation: And a curious ear could not fail to mark how differently the matter was regarded by different individuals. Some looked upon him as an immortal being—born to exist, in an eternity of joy, or sorrow; and now gone to try the unseen realities of another world! Others, with merriment, evaded the subject with—'O 'twas nothing but a poor nigger!' If a dog had been drowned, they probably would have told of his good qualities, and dropped a syllable of regret; but now, *'twas nothing but a nigger.* Others or at least one, raved like a maniac, because forsooth he had lost a few hundred dollars! Had he lost the same amount in any other way, it perhaps would have gone without a remark. But now he must pour out a volley of oaths that I dare not pen. It is said that the Rev. John Howe, once walking in the park, heard two gentlemen repeatedly utter the word *damn*. Mr. Howe took of his hat, and with much solemnity said, 'Gentlemen, I pray God to save you both!' Among other methods which I have adopted to check the

profane, I have sometimes begged the *privilege of swearing next*! And have frequently found it successful.

Tuesday, Jan. 27.

We are now rapidly approaching the great commercial city of the west. New-Orleans is 116 years old. A particular description—if I think it will bear a repetition for the thousandth time—will be given in my next. While we have been threading our way southward, the eye has often been weary of looking out upon the limitless forests of cottonwood, cypress, &c. till to day the relief was as agreeable as unexpected. As we approached Baton Rouge, the banks were carpeted with the greenness of spring. Bunches of flowers were in full bloom. The cotton and sugar plantations, on either side, bespoke wealth to their possessors, and betrayed an involuntary expression of admiration, even from the *dumb* traveler. Ah! were there no sin, and no slavery here, what an Eden this would be! The buildings are principally on the French model; and so thick, for more than a hundred miles above the city, that were they in the New York style, it would require no great stretch of the imagination to fancy yourself sweeping down Broadway in an 'Omnibus.' The levees, or embankments to prevent the river from deluging the country, stretch about 150 miles above the city. To sustain them unbroken, the public law, as well as private interest, compels every man to build up against his own house. The magnolia, whether in its spring bloom, or winter-greenness, is a beautiful tree. The orange groves, as well as the warmth of the weather, remind us of our southern latitude. To day we found it agreeable to select a seat in the shade. As we have passed, we have seen several crosses; designed, doubtless, as fingerboards to point to heaven. But alas! little good will they do, while a corrupt priesthood points the other way. But adieu, my brother,

'Awake, a sleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.'

S.

HUGH BOURNE.

[Translated from the French, for the Vt. Chronicle.]

How much good may be done by a single man, when under the control of sincere piety and true Christian love! We have a new illustration of this in the following narrative, which comes to us from a responsible source:—

In 1828, when in the little village of —, I heard a great deal said of an exceedingly poor, but eminently pious man, and hastened to call on him to make his acquaintance. I found that his poverty had not been exaggerated, and that his piety surpassed even all that had been told me. This humble servant of Christ, already far advanced in old age, was afflicted with palsy; but in the midst of these severe trials his soul remained full of peace and joy. He told me the circumstances of his conversion.

Hugh Bourne traced his first religious impressions to a sickness by which he was brought apparently to the brink of the grave. He was then fifteen or sixteen years old; but his heart was not truly changed till a much later period. He had not at that time any opportunity to hear the gospel faithfully preached; he saw most of his friends trusting to their own right-

teousness, and went astray with them for a long time in the paths of Phariseism. The scriptures were a sealed book to him. Yet he continued to read them with prayer; and so great at times was the anguish of his soul that he spent whole nights in the study of the sacred text. When he met with passages that he could not understand, it was his custom to fall on his knees and ask light of the Lord. Finally, with no other guide than the Bible, and after long years of anxiety, he found the way of life in Christ Jesus, and his hopes no more wandered from his Saviour. The Holy Spirit, by means of the written word, had taught him to renounce the hidden works of darkness, and to live in this present evil world, soberly, justly, and righteously.

From that moment his house became a house of prayer, and his whole conduct showed that he was a Christian not in name only, but in deed and in truth. His neighbors used to send for him to comfort the sick and afflicted; and Hugh Bourne discharged such duties with thanksgiving to God. At every hour of the day and night he yielded with the greatest cheerfulness to the calls that were made upon him, and it may be said that for many years he lived among the afflicted and the dying. Here are two or three illustrations of the manner in which he was accustomed to speak to them of the Saviour:

A woman asked him one day to visit her husband, a man of sixty years old. Hugh Bourne, finding him at the point of death, asked him whether he hoped to go after death, to a better world. The wretched man replied that he did not believe in any heaven, or hell, or God, or soul!

And how long, exclaimed Bourne, have you had these gloomy views?

For forty years, answered the old man.

He had been employed in a manufacturing village, and had been led to the adoption of infidel sentiments by the conversation of his fellow laborers.

But how was it with these old friends of yours, continued Bourne, were they not, for the most part profane and intemperate, and men who made no scruple of cheating their employer or their neighbor?

The old man was obliged to acknowledge it.

Ah!—exclaimed the pious visiter—how could you then give credit to the testimony of such fellows as those rather than to that of the most venerable and holy of men, such as Moses, Isaiah, Daniel, John, Peter, Paul, and a multitude of others?

But finding that his appeal had little influence with the sick man, he asked: Have you any more faith in these depraved companions than in yourself?

No, certainly not.

Tell me then, whether you have never felt within you something which testified to you, that those who deny God do wrong?

It is true,—I have.

Well!—this whisper—whence comes it? From your conscience, from your soul. You, your very self, have more than once protested against the impurity of these false friends.

The old man made no answer; and Hugh Bourne knelt down in prayer. Some days after he was sent for by the sick man himself.

Oh!—he exclaimed, as his visiter came in—may God have mercy on me! May that Saviour, of whom you have spoken to me, have mercy on me! I have

denied him, I have blasphemed him, I have as it were trampled him under foot; will he then have mercy on me?

Yes, replied the messenger of glad tidings—for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him may not perish, but have everlasting life."

He explained the great truths of the gospel; and the old man lived long enough to give manifest proof of a real change of heart.

At another time there was brought to Hugh Bourne's house a veteran who had lost his sight in the army, and had become so weary of his life as to attempt to put an end to it by suicide. It was seen that religion alone could pour balm upon the deep anguish of this unfortunate, and he was therefore brought to the pious servant of the Lord Jesus. Bourne inquired into his state with great kindness, expressed much compassion for his sufferings, and prayed with him. They had many interviews, and the old soldier was gradually brought to see his Redeemer. He still excites the admiration of all who know him; and the Lord has left him among us as a witness of the blessed efforts of Hugh Bourne.

The visits of this Christian to the sick, the religious meetings that were held at his house, his zeal, his labors that began to produce a revival of religion, excited, as usual, the enmity of the world, and Bourne was told that, by establishing conventicles, he exposed himself to a heavy fine or to imprisonment. As to the fine, he replied, every body knows that I cannot pay it; and for the imprisonment, I will submit to it, if I must, rather than suspend meetings that are such a blessing to many souls. After this, he was not disturbed, but continued in peace his Christian meetings.

His charity was not inferior to his piety; he divided his bread with the poor, and gave not only the bread that perisheth, but to the meanest beggar that he met on the highway pointed out the means of attaining that which shall endure unto eternal life. He knew how always to say a word adapted to circumstances, in defence of the Gospel. On a certain occasion, as he was conversing with some ignorant persons and appealing to the Bible, a man who heard him said: Why do you appeal to the Bible? It is nothing but an imposition. How can you say that the things it relates are true, since you have never seen them with your eyes nor heard them with your ears?

Were you ever in America?—answered Hugh Bourne calmly.

No, said the infidel.

And you believe that America exists! It is an imposition; there is no America.

The man went away, without a syllable in reply.

It is often remarked that the most eloquent of sermons is a holy life. Nothing is more true; and new proofs of it might be found in the life of Hugh Bourne, were they necessary. One of his neighbors had conceived such a violent hatred of him as often to declare that he would rather go to hell than be converted by that man. The Lord brought them together in the same manufactory; and the unbeliever was so affected by the deportment and conversation of his Christian companion, that he devoted himself seriously to the study of divine things, declaring that Bourne's holy life had done more good than all the

sermons he ever heard. Here is a kind of preaching that is the power of all Christ's disciples, and he of them that neglects it, has reason to fear least the Saviour say to him one day: "I never knew you."

To read the Bible was Hugh Bourne's greatest pleasure to the end of his life. When he could not sleep at night, which was often the case, he used to leave his bed and pour out his whole soul before the Lord. He prayed to be delivered from the temptations that were particularly active in these sleepless hours. He prayed also during these long vigils for his brethren, his friends, his neighbors, and all mankind.

I hasten to the events of his last sickness. For eighteen months he was unable to work, and although he had no other means of support for his old age, his trust in God never left him. He frequently received what was necessary to supply his wants in ways so wonderful as to compel him and his friends to exclaim together: It is the finger of God! It deserves to be mentioned, that he took pleasure himself in remarking it, that his most liberal supplies throughout came from a few poor widows and a few children. But even when he saw himself most destitute, his habitual contentment never failed. A friend one day asked him whether he was supplied with what was necessary. He smiled and said: Oh! I have eaten three times to day; once when I waked; a second time after I arose; and again since; ought I not then to be thankful? But he referred to spiritual food; it was eleven o'clock, and there is reason to believe that he had had nothing to eat that day.

He was visited by many in his last days, and he had something edifying to say to all. He warned the careless; the poor in spirit he encouraged by the precious promises of the gospel; the pharisaical he conjured no longer to rely on their own works; he invited the young to him who said: Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.

You have made your peace with God, said a visitor to him.

Say rather, he replied, that Jesus Christ hath made it for me.

His New Testament was always at hand, and as, from the great weakness he could not read it himself, he was continually begging his friends to read it for him. A few moments before his death he took the New Testament, and opening it exclaimed: I expect eternal life, and here is my title to the inheritance! He wished to die on his knees. He caused himself to be raised from his bed, when he felt his end draw nigh, and as he was in the very act of kneeling, his soul was carried, like that of Lazarus, into the bosom of his God and Saviour.

RESULTS OF COUNCILS.

One advantage of Congregationalism over any other form of church government is, that a local difficulty may be finally settled at home, without disturbing the whole Christian community; or, if not settled, it may expend its whole force in tearing to pieces the guilty church, while others are left unharmed. This advantage is lost, just so far as the Christian public are made, by publications in the newspapers, to interest themselves in the local difficulties of each individual church. Results of Councils, therefore, should be published rather sparingly;—never, perhaps, except where they involve principles of general interest, in which the churches need to be instructed.—*Bost. Rec.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, APRIL 4, 1835.

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

This is the title of a book, just published in Boston, which is exciting much interest. It is a simple narrative of a young lady, who was for some time a novitiate of the Roman Catholic convent, that was burnt last fall in Charlestown. As we have not yet been able to get one of the books, we copy the following from the New England Spectator.

This book will do good in many respects, although most persons who have read the iniquities of convents, will be disappointed in not finding more of a revolting character. It must, however be remembered that Miss Reed was but a novice in the convent, and her human feelings were not sufficiently blunted to render it safe or prudent to let her into all the secrets of the devotees to *Vesta*. We shall see, as we proceed, that the whole discipline exercised upon her was directly and designedly calculated to harden her heart, and blunt all the finer sensibilities which belong to the female character.—When this is done, and all sense of shame is lost, then such devotees are prepared to experience all that is revolting to our ideas of delicacy and virtue. Exclusion from the observation of the public, and the facility for transporting to a distant and strange place, those who remain wilful and obdurate, prevents all disclosures, and screens the secret practices of convents from the knowledge of the world.

To inspire the public with confidence in the truth of Miss Reed's statements, it may be well to say, that she is a member of the episcopal church under the care of the Rev. Mr. Crosswell, and has opened her whole heart to him on this subject, and frequently related to him the incidents of this narrative.

We have said the book will do good: and chiefly in this way, by opening the eyes of the giddy young girls, who in their disappointments often wish themselves excluded in retirement and ease, from the troubles of life; and in their ignorance of Romanism, may, like Miss Reed, seek to enter the cloisters of a nunnery. We give her own language.

"In the summer of 1826, while passing the nunnery on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Mass., in company with my schoolmates, the question was asked by a young lady, who I think was a Roman catholic, how we should like to become nuns. I replied (after hearing her explanation of their motives for retirement, &c.) 'I should like it well;' and gave my principal reasons, their apparent holy life, my love of seclusion, &c. The conversation which passed at that time made but little impression upon my mind. But soon after, the '*Religieuse*' came from Boston to take possession of Mount Benedict as their new situation. We were in school, but had permission to look at them as they passed. One of the scholars remarked that they were Roman Catholics, and that our parents disapproved of their tenets. The young lady who before asked the question how we should like to become nuns, and whose name I have forgotten, was affected even to tears, in consequence of what passed, and begged them to desist, saying 'they were saints; God's people; and the chosen few; that they secluded themselves that they might follow the scriptures more perfectly, pray for the conversion of sinners, and instruct the ignorant in the principles of religion.' This conversation, with the solemn

appearance of the nuns, affected me very sensibly, owing probably to the peculiar state of my feelings.—The impressions thus made remained on my mind several months, I asked my parents if they were willing I should become an inmate of the convent. This proposition my parents were inclined to treat as visionary; but they soon discovered themselves to be in an error. pp. 49, 50, 51.

"While writing this narrative, I often lament my little knowledge of history; for had I been more acquainted with it, I do not think I ever should have united myself to an institution of this nature. pp. 51, 52."

"It appears that the catholics had, in some way, become acquainted with Miss Reed's wishes to become a nun, and hence used their jesuitical artifices to deceive her, and get her into their power, notwithstanding the opposition of her parents. Their first artifice was to send a catholic to become a domestic in the family.

"I had become acquainted with Miss M. H., a domestic in Mr. H. J. K.'s family, near my father's house in Charlestown. After my mother's decease, while residing with my father, my sister being absent, Miss H. came to our house and begged me to keep her as a domestic a little while, as she had no place. She had walked a great way for the purpose of seeing Mr. K., who had moved away. This was in the fall of 1830. After consulting with my father, I concluded to let her stay. She found me in great trouble and grief, in consequence of the absence of my two younger sisters, whom I very dearly loved, and who had gone to reside with my sisters in Boston. After family prayers were over, and I about retiring, I stepped from my room to see if Miss H. had extinguished her lamp, when, to my surprise, I found her kneeling, and holding a string of beads. I asked her what she was doing. pp. 52, 53."

This the domestic explained to her with all the skill of a jesuit. This domestic was acquainted with the superior of the convent, and as Miss R. had long desired to see her ladyship, she on the first favorable opportunity, accompanied Miss R. to the convent for that purpose.

"She introduced me to the superior in the following manner. We were invited by a lay sister to sit, who, after retiring, in a few moments made her appearance, requesting Miss H. to see her in another room. Soon after, the superior came in, embracing me with much seeming affection, and put the following questions to me: how long since the death of my mother; whether I ever attended the catholic church, or knew anything of the principles of their religion; what I had heard respecting them; of their order; my views of it; &c. pp. 54, 55."

Here follows the long series of questions, artfully arranged to deceive the unsophisticated mind of Miss R. She afterwards saw the bishop, and had frequent intercourse with the catholic priest in Charlestown, and other catholics, which discloses their falsehoods for pious purposes.

"The bishop asked me if I knew the meaning of the word 'nun'; how long I had thought of becoming a nun; my opinion, and the opinion of my friends, in regard to catholicity. And as my feelings were easily wrought upon, more particularly at this time, questions were put to me, which more mature deliberation leads me to think were put, under the impression that I was very ignorant, and which were very unpleasant for me to answer. He even went so far as to judge my secret thoughts, saying he knew what was then passing in my mind. pp. 58, 59.

"On Good Friday evening, I heard the most affecting catholic sermon,† in Charlestown, I ever listened to.

* By the term '*Religieuse*,' I mean those who constituted the Ursuline community.

† By the term ignorant is meant what they term heretics.

‡ I had before attended the lectures in Boston, at the time of the controversy between Dr. Beecher and the catholics.

upon the passion of our divine Redeemer. I soon after visited at Mrs. G.'s, where I saw a fine drawing, exhibiting the peaceful and flourishing condition of the holy and apostolic church, until the time of the reformation under Martin Luther. p. 61.

"On being sent for at one time by the superior, I met the bishop at the convent, who was playing with the dogs; at the same time the superior, hastily approaching, embraced me in the most affectionate manner; as she did ever afterwards when I visited her at the convent. At this time, I thought the superior and bishop the most angelic persons living. pp. 61, 62."

Her father was much displeased with her course, and bade her renounce all connection with the catholics, or leave her friends. This becoming known, she was referred by the bishop to the declaration of our Saviour, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me,' &c.

We have next an account of Miss Reed's baptism; and then of her entrance into the convent, in which her friends were deceived into a reconciliation to her course, by the falsehood that she had entered merely as a scholar.

"After this, she [the superior] wrote a letter to my father, of the contents of which I was then ignorant, but have since learned it contained offers of two or three quarters' schooling, free of expense. My father says he treated it with contempt; and his answer by the bearer was briefly this: 'he wished me to have nothing to do with that institution; that my friends would prefer my going to a protestant seminary.' At my next interview with the superior, she however told me, that my father had become reconciled to my remaining with them two or three quarters; after which time, he would inform them whether he could consent to have me stay there longer, as a teacher of music. pp. 63, 69."

Miss Reed did not, however, enter as a scholar, but as a novice.

"She [the superior] then stated that the bishop had concluded to receive me, not as a member of the public department, but as a novice, which would screen me from the questions of the protestant scholars. She also added, that I should be received as the other sisters were, and that we were to support ourselves by our talents and industry. p. 70."

We then have an account of the discipline to which she was subjected; whose whole design was to humble her, and make her entirely subservient to the will of others, without any will of her own, and to blunt all her natural feelings.

"The following are the rules, which were inclosed in a gilt frame, and suspended in the community; and it is the duty of every novice to read them at least once a week.

"1. To rise on the appearance of the superior.

"2. When reprimanded, to kneel at once, and kiss the floor, until the signal be given to rise.

"3. When speaking of the superior, to say our mother; when speaking to her, and to the professed Choir Religieuse, Mamere; to say sister, when speaking to the novices; of them, Miss; and of the professed Choir, Mrs.; to say our or ours, instead of my or mine.

"4. To say 'Ave Maria' every time we enter the community.

"5. Before entering any room, to give three knocks on the door, accompanied by some religious ejaculation, and wait until they are answered by three from within.

"6. Not to lift our eyes while walking in the passage ways; also, never to touch each other's hands.

"7. To stand while spoken to by the bishop or superior, and kneel while speaking to them; to speak in a particular tone.

"8. If necessary to speak to the superior during a time of silence, approach her kneeling, and speak in whispers.

"9. Never to leave a room without permission giving at the same time our reasons.

"10. To rise and say the 'Hour' every time the clock strikes, except when the bishop is present, who if he wishes, makes the signal.

"The following are the written 'Rules and Penances of our Holy Father, Saint, Augustine,' together with those of Saint Ursula, as I can recollect. They are read at the refectory table every week.

"1. To kneel in the presence of the bishop, until his signal to rise.

"2. Never to gratify our appetites, except with his holiness the bishop's or a father confessor's permission.

"3. Never to approach or look out of the window of the monastery.

"4. To sprinkle our couches every night with holy water.

"5. Not to make a noise in walking over the monastery.

"6. To wear sandals and hair-cloth; to inflict punishment upon ourselves with our girdles, in imitation of a saint.

"7. To sleep on a hard mattress or couch, with one coverlet.

"8. To walk with pebbles in our shoes, or walk kneeling, until a wound is produced. Never to touch any thing without permission.

"9. Never to gratify our curiosity, or exercise our thought on any subject, without our spiritual director's knowledge and advice. Never to desire food or water between portions.

"10. Every time, on leaving the community, to take holy water from the altar of the Blessed virgin, and make the sign of the cross.

"11. If a Religieuse persists in disobeying the superior, she is to be brought before the bishop of the diocese and punished as he shall think proper. Never to smile, except at recreation, not even then contrary to religious decorum.

"12. Should the honored mother, the superior, detect a Religieuse whose mind is occupied with worldly thoughts, or who is negligent in observing the rules of the monastery, which are requisite and necessary to her perseverance and perfection in a religious life, she should immediately cause her to retire to her cell, where she could enter into a retreat. pp. 75-80."

Then follows an account of her manner of life,—her miserable, scanty fare,—her hard bed,—her exposure to the cold,—her fatiguing religious ceremonies.

"They sit on their feet during the reading, a posture extremely painful. p. 81."

On one occasion, when Miss Reed appeared discontented; and being asked, had given the superior the reason:—

"She said what I asserted was false, and commanded me to tell her the true cause in a moment; and pulling the handkerchief from my hand, she bade me kneel and tell her at once, or I should be punished. I was so frightened by the threats and manner of the superior, that I sobbed aloud, and the blood gushed from my nose and mouth. She then seized and shook me by the arm and seated me. p. 144.

"After this, the superior thought it necessary for me to retire to the infirmary, and take an emetic, which I did the next day. The day after this, I had orders to take medicine, which I was averse to, and on my declining, the infirmarian* made the sign of a cross a number

* The infirmarian is one who tends upon the sick. I was as well as usual when I took the emetic,

of time, and told me it was the superior's orders, and I could not avoid taking a part of it. I remained in the infirmary two days without a fire, and the weather was very cold. I had then permission to go to the choir, where I immediately fainted, at which the superior was angry, and said in a whisper she had told me *I ought not to have any feelings.* pp. 98, 99."

This expresses the whole design of the convent discipline.

In this place, we have an account of Mary Magdalene, an Irish female, who the superior and bishop appeared anxious should die, that they might get rid of the burden of her.

"It is here to be understood, that sister Mary Magdalene was in a consumption, and had entered the convent nine months before in perfect health. She was worn out with austerities. p. 105.

"One day she came from the refectory, and being so much exhausted as to be hardly able to ascend the stairs, I offered to assist her, and the superior reprimanded me for it, saying her weakness was feigned, and that my pity was false pity. She then said to sister Magdalene, (after we were seated,) in a tone of displeasure, if she did not make herself of use to the 'community,' she would send her back to Ireland. p. 114.

"On one of the holy days, the bishop came in, and after playing upon his flute, addressed the superior, styling her mademoiselle, and wished to know if Mary Magdalene wanted to go to her long home. The superior beckoned to her to come to them, and she approached on her knees. The bishop asked her if she felt prepared to die. She replied, 'Yes, my lord; but, with the permission of our mother, I have one request to make. They told her to say on. She said she wished to be annointed before death, if his lordship thought her worthy of so great a favor. He said, 'Before I grant your request, I have one to make; that is, that you will implore the Almighty to send down from heaven a bushel of gold, for the purpose of establishing a college for young men on Bunker Hill.' He said he had bought the land for that purpose, and that all the sisters who had died, had promised to present his request but had not fulfilled their obligations; 'and,' says he, 'you must shake hands in heaven with all the sisters who have gone, and be sure and ask them why they have not fulfilled their promise, for I have waited long enough.' pp. 127, 128."

This shows how the bishop could trifle with serious things. Doubtless he is at heart an infidel.

At confession, the bishop tried to find out the causes of Miss Reed's uneasiness.

"He said I must tell him instantly all the wicked thoughts that had disturbed my mind, and asked me various improper questions, the meaning of which I did not then understand, and which I decline mentioning. pp. 139, 140.

The following notice of the same work, is from the *Catholic Sentinel*.

"*Impotent and Impudent Falsehood.* A wretched, illiterate woman, of 'no character at all,' to whom, from pure motives of charity, the Lady Superior of the Charlestown Convent, afforded some time ago, an asylum, has become the tool and dupe of an ignorant fanatic person of the name of *Croswell*, who rants and roars, every Sunday, in a Methodistical psalm-house in Charlestown, and at his instigation, jobtruded on the public attention, an infamous and libellous book, entitled '*Six months in a Convent.*' The vulgarity of *Croswell's* style of diction, for that despicable fanatic is the real author of the vile work, is

only surpassed by his incredible and wicked falsehoods.

In our next, we shall expose the clumsy and calumnious fiction, of which the continent Mr. *Croswell* has become the father by the *virtuous* woman, *Rebecca Reed*, whom the Lady Superior, from an impulse of benevolence, snatched from starvation.—Every person of knowledge and mind, who has read the disgusting book, declares that it is a tissue of the rudest ignorance and the vilest falsehood, such indeed, as might have been expected from such a literary Platonic pair of lovers, as the ingrate woman *Reed*, and the psalm-ranting parson *Croswell*."

It may be well to remark for the information of distant readers, that the gentleman alluded to instead of being a methodist clergyman in Charlestown, is the Rev. Mr. *Croswell* of the Episcopal church in Boston, a minister of the gospel, highly and deservedly respected by all denominations of Christians.—*N. E. Spectator*.

The clergymen of all denominations in the city of Albany, have agreed to preach a sermon on the subject of temperance. The first, by Rev. Mr. *Kirk*, is published in the *Temperance Intelligencer*.—Text "thou shalt not kill." In his closing remarks he asks what is

The duty of a Church.

Where should she be found on this subject? Her place is in the fore-front of every moral reformation.—Neither indolence nor cowardice befit her high vocation. The temperance reformation is a holy enterprise. It was commenced under the influence of the Bible, and its holy philanthropy, after the world had abandoned the hope of reform. It began in the church. Devoted men of God gave it the first impulse. They discovered the grandest principle which ever rewarded the toil of the philosophers—that total abstinence would rid the world of its direst curse; its deadliest plague, whose ravages were yearly widening. It began in prayer, and I have been surprised that Christians, could doubt the propriety of praying in the public meetings connected with this subject. Cease to associate prayer with it, let it swing off to the low grounds of expediency and political economy, and the cause inevitably runs down. We owe all our success to the smiles of God. Let the church still and perpetually seek their continuance.—The Church is bound by all her vows and professions, by her covenant obligations, by her duty to man and to the cause of virtue, to sustain every society which seeks to reform community by proper means. There are several ways by which she may act in her appropriate sphere in accomplishing this work.

1. *By preaching.* It is the duty of her ministers to exhibit this subject in the light of the Bible and eternity. If it involved a mere question of political economy, affecting the national industry and wealth; if it is a merely medical question of the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of a certain substance? then it comes not specifically within the scope of the gospel preacher. But if the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and their use as a beverage, is a sin and an enormous sin; if the souls of men are destroyed by this traffic; if its success and extension is the overthrow of religion; if the millenium cannot come while it flourishes; then must the ministers of Christ sound the notes of alarm. They must give a clear and solemn exhibition of the guilt and the everlasting consequences connected with these practices.—In fact I see not how we may expect the discontinuance of a traffic in which so many are interested, unless the public mind is led to contemplate it strongly in its everlasting consequences to drinkers and venders, "I know

we often hear remarks about going too fast for public sentiment. And I would, that there were as much time as we have now occupied to discuss that point in this connexion. There is a plausible, extensive and mischief-working error concerning it. I would ask this question. Should ministers in preaching, follow public sentiment, keep pace with it, or lead and reform it? If a minister tells the people what they knew before, he may refresh their memories; but he cannot instruct them as a scribe who brings forth things new and old." If he tells the people, those things are wrong, which they know to be wrong before he told them; he will not offend them indeed nor incur the charge of fanaticism. But will he do them any good? If public sentiment is ignorant, who is to enlighten it? If it is wrong, who is to rectify it? Is it not the very business of the prophets of the Lord, the teachers of morality and religion? Must they not shew the people, that many things which they received from their fathers, and which are now fashionable and much admired, are nevertheless, wicked. Or must they always wait until the people find out from some other source what is right, and what wrong? So did not Enoch, nor Lot, nor Jeremiah, nor John, nor our Redeemer. Public sentiment was altogether wrong on many important points in morals; yes, and it was defended on these very points by reference to the Bible, but our Saviour plainly instructed and solemnly rebuked them. To be sure, it did not much increase his popularity. Nor can it in the nature of the case. To oppose what is popular, must be unpopular. But his satisfaction was found in purifying the moral atmosphere, and in saving millions then unborn from error, sin and eternal ruin. If these principles be correct, we shall benefit you and the cause of temperance but little, if our discourses, snail-paced and cowardly creep up only as high as public sentiment has reached. It is our duty to gaze into eternity and borrow the light of that day, when the pleadings of custom and appetite and interest will not be heard: but truth; clear, simple, eternal truth will try every man's work and character, and fix his destiny. And if any reproaches must come on any class of men for her advocating truth, let the leaders receive the first charge.

The church can sustain this reformation by—

2. *Conversation and the Press.* The importance of the press is felt by most. And perhaps it never was more strongly exhibited than in the progress of this very cause. But it is also important that every thing said by church members on this subject, be truth. One professor of religion by holding out the idea, that the traffic in ardent spirit is not immoral may perpetuate the wickedness of many venders to the day of their death, hand it as a legacy to their children, and send many of their fellow creatures into all the horrors of a drunkard's eternity.

"Be not partaker of other men's sins." It is murder, cruel murder to sell rum. Let the church say so, say it in kindness. But say it as if you believed it.—With the church and the ministry, more than any other class of men, it rests to enlighten and reform public sentiment. "Ye are the light of the world."

The church must sustain it by—

3. *Her practice.* Theory, however correct, will not move the world, if those who advocate it, contradict it by their practice. If the traffic is murder; how can church members continue to buy and sell it? I only ask the conscience of the church, and the common sense of the world. If the church is the light of the world what kind of light does the member hold out, who sells alcohol? The light of an *ignis fatuus*, shines to decoy and destroy. The point is settled, that so long as religion is respected, the world will not rise above the church in morals. One professor of religion, who is consistent in other respects, by continuing to vend this poison, may quiet the conscience and harden the heart of fifty others in a city like this, and be an effectual shield to guard

them from the truth. "Be not partaker of other men's sins."

The church is bound

4. *To purify herself.* Is it a murderous traffic; or is it immoral even on any other ground; then how can any Christian church admit to its bosom and welcome as a faithful, obedient disciple of Jesus Christ, one who continues in it? As a pastor I could not welcome to our communion and Christian fellowship, such a person. This has been viewed as very high and untenable ground. I cannot see one inch below it, a footing for consistency, I shall be thankful if it be there, to find it. If there be a vender in the bosom of your church; labor with him in love, pray for him, weep over him; but oh leave him not until he has abandoned the cruel guilty traffic. If he does not, see where he will stand in the judgment day. Jesus Christ will arraign a poor trembling culprit, and say to him. "I was sick and in prison and hungry; and your crime is that you neither visited nor fed me." Lord, when? he inquires. "In that poor creature and that. Depart therefore accursed, into everlasting fire." Then he will turn to this vender and say. "Come blessed of my father; for I was sick and you visited, hungry and you fed me." When? he inquires. Jesus points to the same as before. What will the condemned wretch think of justice, when he recognizes in those very beings those whom this church member had made drunkards; whose drunkenness caused their sickness, imprisonment and hunger. But the virtue of the other was, that he not only had not regarded their wretchedness after it existed; but he was the grand, voluntary, selfish author of it all in the midst of light and rebukes. Oh tell it not in Gath, that such are the hopes of Christians!

Vender of alcohol—go home and write upon every vessel containing this substance. "Thou shalt not kill." And may the finger of God write on your heart—"No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

From the Boston Recorder.

POPERY, AS IT HAS BEEN, AND IS, AND WOULD BE.

It was the object of my last number to show that the principles of popery are inconsistent with republican liberty. It will be the design of the present to prove that they are equally repugnant to Christian morality.

The most approved writers and the standard books of the church license and encourage crime of every sort. St. Thomas Aquinas, who is an object of papal worship, and whom a Catholic paper has labored hard of late to prove a republican! says, "By the command of God" (of which the pope is, of course, the organ and judge) "by the command of God, it is lawful to murder the innocent, to rob and to commit all lewdness; because he is Lord of life and death and all things, and thus, to fulfil his commandment is our duty." Says Laymare, "He who by inveterate custom, a kind of imperious necessity, is transported to do evil, as to speak perjury, *sins not at all*, because a man cannot sin without rational knowledge and deliberation." Of course, a man has only to become so abominably wicked, as to be under "a kind of imperious necessity to do evil," and he ceases to be a sinner, in the sight of God or man—he need only form "an inveterate habit" of thieving and killing, and he may then steal and murder with perfect innocence and impunity! This is a fair sample of the whole code of Jesuit morals.

But to be more particular, *falsehood* may be specified as one of the crimes which Popery justifies. Says Sanchez, "St. Francis lawfully used the equivocation which is attributed to him, when, being interrogated by the officers of justice, if a malefactor, whom they sought

after, went that way, he answered, putting his hand into the sleeves of his gown, *he is not come this way, meaning, where he had his hands.* He might also have answered, he is not passed this way, intending the particular place where his foot or his hand was." "A person who hath promised marriage, whether sincerely or only in appearance, is discharged, *by any reason*, from holding his promise. Being called before a judge, he may swear he hath not made this promise, meaning he hath not so made it as to be obliged to observe it."

Perjury is another. "Not to keep faith with heretics is an established law of the church of Rome. Her moralists say, "An oath obliges not beyond the intention of him that takes it. *Sanchez*.—A witness is not bound to declare the truth before the legitimate judge, if his deposition will injure himself, his family or property, or if he be a priest, for a priest cannot be forced to testify before a secular judge." *Taberna*.

"A heretic should not be paid what is due to him, on a promise, even with an oath." *Directorium Inquisitorium*, published under the authority of Pope Boniface 8th.

A gentleman of superior intelligence and unimpeachable integrity declares to me, that "when he was a Romanist, he should have considered himself as having done a meritorious action in bringing over a single individual to popery though a breach of faith with all concerned were the consequence."

Robbery is another. "Rebels against the church may be attacked, and their property seized." *Directorium Inquis.* "He, who in taking what is another's doth him no injury, is not obliged to make a restitution. *Emanuel Sa*.

Murder is another. "It is lawful for a monk to kill a man, who publishes great crimes against his order, as it is lawful for all men to kill with requisite moderation, for the preservation of their honor." *Escobar*.

It was doubtless with "requisite moderation," that during the reign of Henry II. of England, no less than a hundred murders were committed by the servants of the Pope, who were never called to an account for these offences.

Cruel Persecution is countenanced and required by popery.

The following notes are extracted from the Rheinish Testament, which is the authorized English version of the New Testament, and infallible Pope's authority, at least so far as the notes are concerned—for the text perhaps, papists would be reluctantly and unjustly made responsible. Heb. 5: 7. "The translators of the Protestant Bible ought to be abhorred even to the depths of hell." Rev. 17: 6. When Rome puts heretics to death, there blood is no more than the blood of thieves, mankillers and other malefactors."

What an easy task it would have been for these annotators, if honest, to explain another passage in the Apocalypse. Rev. 13: 2. "And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion; and the dragon gave him his seat, and power and great authority. They need only have written under it, "POPE," and every reader of history would have understood it perfectly—about that word would have clustered in his recollection, the Bartholomew massacre, the gunpowder plot, the Irish rebellion, and to join all the names and forms of cruelty into one, the inquisition, the fathers of which in every age have exhibited the fierceness of the leopard, the rapacity of the bear, the terrific power of the lion, and the infernal arts and violence of the dragon.

One more note from the Rheinish Testament will suffice to expose the persecuting spirit of popery. Gal. 1: 8. "Parents should not spare their own children, if heretics." That this is not a dead letter in the 19th century, will appear from the following incident, which

occurred in faithful Ireland, and which I select, not because similar incidents might not be found nearer home, but because the record is at hand and well authenticated. A poor Protestant was dying. His daughter having previously married a papist and turned to mass, exhorted and pressed and entreated him to have the priest sent for, but all to no purpose. His Bible was then taken from him as that was supposed to be a hindrance. Next his own daughter took the bed her poor dying father was lying on, from under him, saying to him that *straw* was good enough for a heretic to die on. Every attempt was made by some of the fraternity brought in by the daughter, to cajole or frighten him into compliance, but all to no purpose. He begged a Protestant neighbor, who accidentally called to see him, to sit by him, saying he did not know what his own children might do to him before he died. This man sat beside him, till he became speechless and in the agonies of death. He could bear the scene no longer. You may reasonably conclude, that he would now be allowed to die in peace—the Protestant neighbor at least thought so and left; but no! papists are not so easily foiled. A messenger was now sent to the Priest (who was waiting up at night to be called) to say that the coast was now clear. He comes and speaks to the man, now in the agonies of death and asks him if he will die a good Catholic. No answer. He baptizes and anoints the man in this state, and taking him by the hand, desires him to give a proof of his dying in the Catholic faith; and he calls out, Oh how he squeezes my hand. The fraternity published this as a conversion to the saving faith." *McGavin's Protestant*.

Impurity is countenanced by popery. "For lawful wedlock," (says the history of popery, a work, by the way, well worthy of attentive perusal by every Protestant) "for lawful wedlock, the Romish clergy would be deposed and excommunicated; but lewdness and debauchery even in her sacred precincts, and among those professedly devoted to piety, were a trifle in her view, unworthy of notice, and not only so, even encouraged and sanctioned the price of which often went into the sacred coffers." Rome is literally, what she is called mystically in prophecy, "the mother of harlots."—She unblushingly declares, that marriage is not honorable in all, nor the bed undefiled.

She speaks indeed of the sacrament of marriage; but the clergy are required to renounce it, and the laity are encouraged by their example to undervalue and violate it. In the spring tide of popery, almost every confessional was a brothel, every convent a Sodomy, every nunnery a Monkish harem, and no husband or father of a family felt his own sanctuary secure from invasion.

"The monks, confessors of the convent, openly taught the Tuscan nuns atheism, encouraged the most disgraceful libertinism, and filled them with impurity, sacrilege, and debauchery of the foulest kinds. By tolerating these crimes, the pope plainly announced his indulgence of them; and by encouraging the commission of those iniquities, he became an accomplice." *Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci*. Such is the testimony of a Catholic Bishop!

"Pope Gregory, drawing his fish pond, found more than six thousand heads of infants in it, upon which he deeply repented, and confessing that the degree of unnatural celibacy was the cause of so horrid a slaughter, he condemned it, adding it is better to marry, than to give occasion of death." *Hulderic Epist. adv. consti. de Cleric. Celib.*

If refined readers can hardly forgive the writer for mentioning a fact so revolting, how will they regard the wretches that perpetrated and the church that sanctioned such unparalleled abominations!

T. S. W.

EXPEDITION TO LIBERIA.

An interesting meeting was held in the Baptist church in New Orleans on the 17th ult., preparatory to the embarkation for Liberia of a company of emancipated slaves from Mississippi. The following account of the meeting is from a correspondent of the New Orleans Observer.

Mr. Editor—Last evening I went to the meeting of the Liberia emigrants. It was held in the large building of the Baptist church on Lafayette square. The notice had been limited; yet, by seven o'clock, the spacious room was nearly filled, and soon after, was so full that many had to stand in the aisles. The occasion, the scene and all the associations connected with it, were full of thrilling interest. The countenance of every individual, and the general aspect of the whole audience, manifested a generous sympathy with the emigrants in those feelings of tender, yet inspiring and elevating emotions always connected with the achievement of a great enterprise like this, which beginning on one continent, is to bring to its consummation on the shores of another, an entire change in the condition of themselves and their posterity. Each seemed to place himself in their situation, and from this point of transition to look back to the past and forward to the future.

But I took up my pen to tell you what was said and done. The object of the meeting was stated by R. S. Finley, Esq., Agent of the American Colonization Society. "As there are a large number of colored persons present," said he, "I shall endeavor to suit my language to their comprehension. These colored people, sitting in the front slips, have come down from Mississippi, to go to the colony of Liberia. All who go here are required to be of good character, and to pledge themselves not to drink, buy or sell ardent spirits. One man, who has a sister among these emigrants, pleaded with us, with tears, to let him go: but on account of his habits of intoxication, he was rejected. To night, after a sermon by one of their number, these persons are to be formed into a *Temperance Society*, and publicly give a pledge to abstain from the use of ardent spirits. Twenty-six of them, from Adams county, are selected by their master from a company of 130, and set free, to go to Liberia, for their good behavior. They had been honest and faithful servants. As to the good character of the remainder, from Clairborne county, the Rev. Mr. Butler, who is present, will give to this assembly his views."

To this call Mr. Butler replied—"With pleasure I embrace this opportunity of bearing testimony to the good character of these people. Especially am I gratified in speaking of the deservedly high reputation of the Rev. Gloster Simpson, who is about to preach to us. As I belong to the Presbyterian church, and Mr. Simpson to the Methodist, no undue partiality will be imputed to me in what I say of him. He has the entire confidence of all who know him. He was one of the two, deputed two years ago by the free people of color of Mississippi, to go to Liberia to examine the country for them. Sabbath before last he preached at Bethel, Clairborne county, a farewell sermon, on which occasion a large congregation of masters and servants were melted to tears. A deep interest is felt in their welfare, by their former mas-

ters and friends. I have come to this city, with them to aid in their embarkation for Liberia, and to see that they are provided with every thing necessary for their comfort on their voyage. They will be followed by the prayers of many Christian friends."

Mr. Butler, was followed by Mr. Simpson. After the preliminary exercises of singing and prayer, he read a part of the 5th chapter of Matthew, and tool for his text the 16th verse, "Let your light so shine &c." His discourse would not have been discreditable to many preachers, who have had the advantages of an early and mature education. Adverting to his visit to the colony, he expressed a noble sentiment in an eloquent manner. "One day," said he, "as a friend was pointing out to me the graves of the missionaries, *white men*, who had gone to that land of darkness, to diffuse the light of salvation, and had fallen in quick succession, one after another, martyrs to the holy cause, I could not but exclaim—Good Lord, and shall there not come from our own ranks men to take their places and preach to our benighted brethren, the Gospel of Christ! For one I am willing and determined to go."

Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Methodist church, made some appropriate remarks, and closed the religious exercises with prayer and the benediction.

Mr. Finley then came forward and remarked, that the Colonization Society, were unalterably determined to send to the colony none but such as are willing to pledge themselves to total abstinence from ardent spirits, and whose characters are such, as to warrant the expectation of a faithful observance of their engagement. As a ground of confidence in these emigrants, he was authorized to give the testimony of Mr. Raily, in favor of the twenty-six from Adams county, Mississippi, who were emancipated by his brother-in-law, the late James Green. This gentleman, and Mrs. Woods, a sister of Mr. Green, the executors of his will, had accompanied them to this city to superintend their embarkation. Mr. Raily was detained from the meeting by sickness. In regard to others, Mr. Butler was again appealed to, who responded in terms of commendation perfectly satisfactory.

The PLEDGE was then read by Mr. Finley, and is as follows:

"We whose names are signed to this paper, being about to emigrate to the colony of Liberia, and believing that the use of ardent spirits, either as a drink or as an article of merchandise, except for medicinal purposes, is wrong, do pledge ourselves to one another, and to the Colonization Society, forever to abstain from the use of it as a drink, or as an article of trade, with the above named exception."

The emigrants were then called on to rise up and so signify their cordial adoption of the pledge. They all arose; and thus were formed into a *Temperance Society*, on the principle of total abstinence. This transaction closed the meeting. The impression upon the minds of the assembly was of the most favorable kind; and as a respectable but intelligent citizen remarked, as we were coming out, "in all this even the most timid or most malicious cannot find ought for alarm or reprehension."

O. S. H.

New Orleans, Feb. 17, 1835

God's providence fulfils his promise.

THE SALEM PROSECUTION.

During the session of the Court at Ipswich the past week, on Tuesday, the Grand Jury found indictments against Rev. George B. Cheever, and the editor and printer of the *Landmark*, for a libel against Deacon John Stone, distiller, of that town; and against Messrs. Elias Ham, George W. Jenks, and John F. Putnam, for assaulting Mr. Cheever. On Wednesday, these indictments were presented to the Court. That against Mr. Cheever, having been read, he pleaded not guilty. His counsels Messrs. Choate & Cushing, moved that the trial be deferred till next Monday, that they might have time to examine the indictment, which was very long, and contained numerous allegations and insinuations, and which was then read for the first time to the defendant. The counsel also wished for time to send for witnesses, some of whom lived out of the country. The Attorney General, James A. Austin, resisted this motion, and insisted on immediately proceeding with the trial, or at most within twenty-four hours. Judge Strong suggested that the trials should be deferred till the next term of the Court; at the same time adding, that if they were not deferred till the next term, he should consider it his duty to postpone them till next week. The counsel on both sides then agreed to continue them to the June term.

The parties were recognized for their appearance at the next term, to be held in Salem, on the third Monday in June. Mr. Cheever in the sum of \$1000; the editor and printer of this paper, each in the sum of \$400; and Messrs. Ham, Jenks, and Putnam, each in the sum of \$1000.

Nutter, who was arrested and confined in jail, for attacking the *Landmark* office, on the night after the assault upon Mr. Cheever, was tried on Thursday, and found guilty.

NOT COMMANDING TO ABSTAIN FROM WHISKEY.

From the Catholic Sentinel of March 7.

INTEMPERANCE.—In giving publicity to the subjoined communication, we must say that while we indignantly repudiate that doctrine of temperance, which prescribes a general abstinence from ardent liquors, we yet freely concur in the opinion of our correspondent, that the most malignant evils which sever the moral ties of society, are generated by excessive intemperance. But we have reason to think, that the world would be just as sober and moral as it is, had there never been such arch hypocrites, as generally compose Bible and Temperance Societies suffered to practice their deceitful wiles on the credulity of mankind.

Will Mr. Pepper tell us, asks the Recorder, *how* intemperate a man may be, without incurring the guilt of "excessive intemperance?" It seems necessary that a rule should be given, lest some should get too drunk, or get drunk too often.

Mr. Pepper "repudiates" "general abstinence from ardent liquors." We suppose, therefore, that he does not *generally* abstain from using them, and that his "general" practice is, to "take a little,"—though he carefully avoids "excessive intemperance." We presume he never gets so drunk that he cannot write at all; but takes just enough to keep himself in that state of mind, in which people are apt to use very great words with very little meaning. This supposition, if correct explains the peculiarity of his singular style.

Our inferences may be erroneous, for the premises,

are not very definite. If Mr. Pepper will tell us the whole exact truth on this subject, we will publish it.

Will he tell us, too, whether, if the Roman Catholics had the government of this country in their hands, "such arch hypocrites as generally compose Bible and Temperance Societies" would be "suffered to practice their deceitful wiles on the credulity of mankind;" and if not, how it would be prevented?

PENNSYLVANIA TEMPERANCE RECORDER.

We have received the first number of a new paper established at Philadelphia. The following notice will explain its object. We hope it will be cherished.

The Board of managers of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society have resolved on issuing a Recorder monthly, from the press in Philadelphia, of the same size, form, and price of the Recorder published at Albany. They are induced to do it, from the general demand for a paper more adapted to our own city and state, and from the difficulty of procuring one in sufficient numbers from such a distance as Albany, especially in the winter season. No pains will be spared to give it the high character of the Albany Recorder, and to make it equally useful. It is commended to the patronage of all the friends of temperance in this and the neighboring states, and will be sent to those who have received through the office of the Temperance Recorder, unless they direct to the contrary. The Board wish to place a copy in every family in the community. The power of the temperance reform is in light and love—in facts, presented in Christian kindness. There is no spot from which the demon cannot be dislodged by correct and persevering effort. Let information be diffused,—let a Temperance Recorder be put in every family; and, in a short time, a revolution will be effected. To all the incredulous we say, Try it. There is nothing like gratuitous distribution. The following plan is recommended to the friends of temperance in every place: Circulate a subscription paper among all the population, inviting every male and female to contribute something to place the Recorder in every family in the village, borough, or township, for one year. Few will decline giving a trifle, and enough will be collected, in most cases, to accomplish the object;—from which the happiest results will follow. Forty copies will be furnished for five dollars; one hundred copies for ten dollars;—paid in advance. Direct to J. MARSH 1 1-2 South Fifth Street.

Revivals.

REVIVAL IN MARIETTA COLLEGE.

Extract from a letter.

MARIETTA COLLEGE FEB. 17th 1835.

As I sit down to write to you this evening, a multitude of things, I would like to say, crowd upon my mind; things interesting alike to us both as friends and as Christians. But first of all and most deeply interesting, is the fact, that the Lord is now visiting us with a precious revival of religion. Some six or eight weeks since an unusual spirit of prayer began to be manifested, by a few professors of religion in college, and one or two members of the Bible class were considerably serious. The increase of this spirit of prayer, was accompanied as it ever is, by a more faithful discharge of individual duty.—It was seen and felt that God was ready not only to succeed the efforts of those who were willing to labor for the salvation of men, but to go before them. When most had not

begun to ask, and very few were really EXPECTING, the Holy Spirit was poured out, and sinners even converted unto God. So that professors of religion, as if taken by surprise, were compelled to say, 'verily the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not.'

The ordinary religious instruction of the institution and the private personal labors of individuals, were made efficacious. The work was much forwarded by the public services of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. It is still progressing, and we trust will not cease while there are souls here yet in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity.—The work has spread into the town, and is now in progress in both the Presbyterians and Methodist congregations. Of the number of students who have been truly converted it is not now safe to speak. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Hopes are entertained, in relation to twentieth-five or thirty, that they are born of God. But we are now anxious for those that yet remain in the bondage of sin. Perhaps half the above number are connected with us, yet in a state of impenitence, few if any of whom are without more or less anxiety, in relation to their souls. Will you pray for us?

I may add, that I was never in a revival of religion which seemed so exclusively the work of the Spirit, as this; nor one in which the converts have exhibited more decisive evidence of a change of heart. The regular exercises of the institution have moved on uninterruptedly, while the Spirit of God has been working silently and mightily in the hearts of most of the students. We can give no praise to man, for the Lord hath done the work.

An interesting characteristic of most of the hopeful converts, is a settled purpose of laboring for Christ, while they live. Little is said of having a hope, of finding relief, of believing their sins forgiven, &c. &c., but their minds seem to rest upon the obligations they are under to serve their Redeemer. What trait of Christian character more adapted to the demands of this day of benevolent action! I repeat that the Spirit is still with us, and we hope will take up his abode here. Why should he not?—*Cin. Jour.*

REVIVAL IN UNITY.

We have received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Carruthers, under date of February 26, 1835, giving an account of a recent work of grace in that town and vicinity. The following is an extract:

The town of Unity has nearly a central situation between Augusta and Bangor; it contains 1300 inhabitants. There was a church gathered here in 1804 by the Rev. Jotham Sewall, of 12 members, which has continued until this day. They have been occasionally visited by missionaries, and when they had no preaching, their physician, who is a deacon, has read sermons to all that would come to his house. There are now in the church only 7 members; six of them are aged and they are scattered over the town. Having spent three weeks in Dixmont, by the advice of Rev. Messrs. Pond and Whipple, I visited Unity, preached a few Sabbaths, had a protracted meeting, which closed without any apparent blessing. After this I proposed to extend my labors to Thorndike, and Knox. The next Sabbath one young man experienced religion; his parents had presented a note for him the preceding Sabbath at Unity. This was at

Thorndike. Returned to Unity, found some people seriously impressed, who had attended our protracted meeting. Preached 10 Lectures in one school district, and distributed several Tracts. The Lord poured out his Spirit in this place. 15 have obtained a hope; 12 of these are heads of families, and many of the young are serious. We now have 46 Sabbath school scholars, and a large female prayer meeting. Most of the converts are emigrants from Gorham, and sat under Mr. Land's ministry in their youth.

One remarkable instance of answer to prayer may be mentioned. A woman, one of the converts, while praying in her family, for the first time, had a daughter two miles distant, who it afterwards appeared was at the same time brought under very deep convictions of sin, and a few days after came home rejoicing in the God of her mother. When children saw father and mother bowing at the altar they were astonished and wept. I for one never expect good days until every family has an altar like Abraham.

This Church has been in the wilderness for 30 years, and now they are seeing their prayers answered. God has remembered his holy covenant. The opposition has been very great, and of a singular kind, very similar to that encountered by Paul, Acts 13: 8. But we have prayed for our enemies, and I shall not trouble you with them.

These lines of Dr. Watts are very applicable to the church in Unity:

Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
These ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

Of those hopefully converted within these two weeks, two belong to Thorndike, one to Knox, and fifteen to Unity.—*Christian Mirror.*

REVIVAL IN COLLEGES.—The Salem Landmark contains a letter from a member of the Theological Seminary at Andover, which states that God is now pouring out his Spirit upon Dartmouth College. About two weeks ago, there was a protracted meeting at Woodstock, Vt. 15 miles from Hanover. As it was vacation in College, several of the officers and some of the students attended the meeting. The letter states the officers and pious students, on their return, began to labor, with unusual earnestness for the conversion of souls in the College. One week after the opening of the term, seven of the students, a part of whom are of the senior class, and become hopefully pious. An uncommon seriousness prevails in the village and a number of children in the Sabbath School were apparently converted.

The same letter mentions that a revival has just commenced in the Episcopal Seminary at Bristol, Pa. and that there had been as many as ten instances of conversion. The letter adds, that in Andover, there is some special attention to religion in the academies and in the English academy a few conversions have taken place.—*Conn. Obs.*

Obituary.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

DIED.

In this city, on the 21st inst., Miss Betsy Tucker, aged 58 years.

In this city, on the 23d inst., Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. James Hicox, aged 4 years, 6 months.

P O P E R Y.

From the Philadelphia Commercial Herald.

STANZAS,

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Art thou beautiful?—Live then in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy Creator, and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God."

WM. PENN.

Bind up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!
Free should their delicate luster be thrown,
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian stone—
Shaming the light of those Orient pearls
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft wreathing curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,
And the face of an angel is meeting thine own!
Beautiful creature—I marvel not
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught;
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away, away—there is danger here—
A terrible phantom is bending near;
Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—
With no human look—with no human breath,
He stands beside thee,—the haunter, DEATH!

Fly—but alas, he will follow thee still,
Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy will;
In thy noon-day walk—in thy midnight sleep,
Close to thy pillow thy phantom will keep—
Still on thine ear shall his whispers be—
Wo—that such phantom should follow thee!

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,
Like beautiful spirits, to and fro;
When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,
Like ivory bathed in still moonlight;
And not one star in the holy sky
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye!

Oh then—even then—he will follow thee,
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;
In the softened light—in the turning dance—
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance—
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger!

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,
While thy soul is open as thy brow;
While thy heart is fresh—while its feelings still
Gush clear as the unsoiled mountain rill—
And thy smiles are free as the airs of spring,
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,
When the bud shall wither before its bloom,
When the soul is sick of the emptiness
And changeful fashion of human bliss;
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling,
Over thy heart as ice is stealing—

Then, when thy spirit is turned above,
By the mild rebuke of the Christian's love;
When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stirr'd,
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,—
Then will that phantom of darkness be
Gladness and Promise and Bliss to thee.
Boston 1st mo. 20th, 1835.

DEDICATION.—On Wednesday the 25th inst. the new Congregational meeting house in West Hartford, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God. As the clergy entered the house, filled with a waiting audience, the choir struck up a beautiful and spirited anthem, the effect of which was electrical. Rev. Mr. Henry, the Junior Pastor, made the introductory prayer and pronounced the benediction; Rev. Mr. Bushnell of Hartford, read part of Solomon's Dedication prayer and some other portions of Scripture.—Rev. Mr. Brace of Newington read the words of the first anthem—introducing 'the King of glory' into the new Temple, and made the prayer before sermon. Rev. Dr. Perkins, the Senior Pastor, read the second Hymn, and preached the sermon, from Psalm 132: 14, 15, in which he dedicated the House as the 'rest' of God, spoke particularly of 'her provision,' and showed that God would abundantly bless her ordinances and make them conducive to salvation. The discourse was well written, the sentiments were good, and the effect produced was happy. He alluded affectingly to the contemplated dismission of the Junior Pastor, on this very day that the new house was dedicated.—Rev. Dr. Porter of Farmington read the third hymn, composed for the occasion, and made the third prayer. The choir was full and the singing quite good: in short, all the exercises were highly interesting. The house is a neat, well finished edifice, and speaks well for the good taste of the Society.

After the exercises of the dedication were closed, the Rev. Mr. Henry's connexion with the Church and Society, as Junior Pastor, was dissolved by the council convened at his request, for this purpose—in consequence of ill-health, which, at present requires an entire suspension of pastoral labor.—Conn. Obs.

COUNTY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The next annual meeting of the New Haven County Temperance Society, will be held at East Haven, on Tuesday, the 14th day of April inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. It is requested that delegates be sent from each local society in the county, and that they come prepared to give a statistical account of temperance within their limits.

N. C. WHITING, Sec'y.

Middlesex Temperance Society.—The Annual Meeting of the Middlesex Temperance Society will be held at Chester, on the third Tuesday in April next. A full delegation from the minor associations is requested. It is earnestly desired that the Temperance Societies connected with the Middlesex Association will forward their annual report to the County Secretary previous to said meeting. SAM'L C. SELDEN, Sec'y.
Hadlyme, March 11, 1835.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, delivered, \$2 50, in advance. To mail subscribers, \$2 in advance; \$2 50, if not paid in three months. Agents who are accountable for six or more copies, will be allowed one copy gratis, or a commission of ten per cent.

CONTENTS.—No. 45.

Letter from Rev. John B. Adger	703	Six Months in a Convent	710	commanding to abstain from
Conversion of Pocroosootom	ib.	Rev. Mr. Kirk's Sermon	712	whiskey.—Penn. Temperance
Interesting from Jamaica	704	Papery as it has been, and is, and		Recorder.—Revivals
From a Southern correspondent	706	would be	713	Obituary
Hugh Bourne	708	Expedition to Liberia	715	Poetry—Stanzas
Results of councils	709	The Salem Prosecution.—Not		Dedication
				ib.